

24
'DR WHO' - BBC-TV

EPISODE FOUR.

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

EPISODE FOUR.

"THE PATOLA MACHINE"

CAST:

DR WHO
BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART
JO GRANT
MIKE YATES
THE MASTER
SERGEANT BENTON
S29 BAENAS
S53 MAILLIS
S24 VOSEPE
UNIT CLEVER
THE MONSTERS

EXTRAS:

UNIT SOLDIERS.
PRISONERS.

SETS:

STANGE OR PRISON: CONDEMNED CELL.
PRISON CORRIDOR.
PROCESS CHAMBER.
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.
SWITCHBOARD (UTILITY)
HOSPITAL ROOM (UTILITY)
UNIT H.Q., LONDON.
PHONE BOX. (UTILITY)

EXTERIORS:

Deserted Country Lanes and Roads.
Prison Courtyard and Doorway.

EPISODE FOUR.

"THE PANDORA MACHINE"

by

Don Houghton.

OPENING CREDITS AND TITLES.

1. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOOR PRISON.

REPLAY PART OF SC 44, EP 3, FROM:

THE DOCTOR SITS STARING AT THE 'BOX' AS IT BUILDS UP ITS EFFECT. THE THROBBING NOISE GROWS MORE VIOLENT. SPARKS JUMP AND DART ABOUT THE 'BOX'. IT BEGINS TO DISTORT AND WAVER WITH PENT UP FURY THE THROBBING SOUND TURNS TO A SCREECHING CACOPHANY. THE DOCTOR TUGS AT HIS BONDS - BUT HE'S HELD TIGHT. THE 'BOX' SEEMS TO SHIMMER WITH HEAT AND ENERGY.

THEN THE DOCTOR'S EYES WIDEN WITH HORROR. FROM HIS P.O.V. WE SEE VAGUE SHAPES BEGINNING TO MATERIALISE IN FRONT OF HIM. GHASTLY, HALF REMEMBERED SHAPES.

A STIFLED CRY OF HORROR ESCAPES FROM THE DOCTOR'S LIPS. THE SHAPES BECOME MORE DISTINCT. THEY TAKE FORM.

AND NOW WE SEE A WHOLE HOST OF THE DOCTOR'S PAST, NIGHTMARE OPPONENTS MOVING SLOWLY TOWARDS HIM. DALEKS, PRIMORDS, SILURIANS, CYBERMEN... ALL REAL AND GROWING LARGER BEFORE HIS EYES...

THEY ADVANCE. THE DOCTOR STRAINS AT HIS BONDS DESPERATELY. THEN HIS WHOLE BODY SEEMS TO TENSE UP AS ONE OF THE CREATURES CLAWS AT HIM... HE GRIMACES WITH PAIN AND EFFORT - AND THEN HIS EYES ROLL UP AND HE SLUMPS FORWARD, UNCONSCIOUS, SEEMINGLY DEAD, AGAINST THE RESTRAINING ROPES.

BEHIND HIM WE HEAR THE KEY TURN IN THE LOCK. THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY - AND THE MASTER COMES IN. AS HE DOES THE MONSTERS BEGIN TO DISSIPATE AND SLOWLY DEMATERIALISE. BUT THE 'BOX' CONTINUES TO THROB OMINOUSLY.

THE MASTER WALKS SLOWLY, UNHURRIEDLY TO THE DOCTOR'S INERT, MOTIONLESS FIGURE. FOR A MOMENT HE STANDS GAZING DOWN ON HIS ENEMY. THEN THE MASTER TAKES THE DOCTOR'S PULSE - AND PUTS HIS HEAD DOWN TO THE DOCTOR'S CHEST. WE CAN HEAR THE THUMPING OF A SINGLE HEARTBEAT. THE MASTER'S FINGERS PROB TO ISOLATE THE POSITIONS OF THE TWO HEARTS. IDENTIFYING THE ONE THAT HAS STOPPED, HE THUMPS THE PLACE SMARTLY - AND THEN PUTS HIS EAR BACK TO THE DOCTOR'S CHEST. NOW WE CAN HEAR THE PULSE AND RHYTHM OF TWO HEARTS BEATING. THE MASTER STRAIGHTENS UP.

THE DOCTOR MOANS AS HE BEGINS TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS. HIS EYES FLICKER OPEN. HE LOOKS FIRST AT THE 'BOX' - AND THEN AT THE MASTER.

MASTER: Well ?

THE DOCTOR DOESN'T ANSWER. HE LOOKS BACK AT THE 'BOX' HALF EXPECTING THE MONSTERS TO APPEAR AGAIN.

MASTER: It may interest you to know that one of your hearts actually stopped.

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) I'm not surprised.

MASTER: You were within a split second of death. I timed it nicely.

DR WHO: I grant you that.

MASTER: I saved your life.

DR WHO: I wonder you bothered.

MASTER: I find that ironic.

THE MASTER GAZES AT THE 'BOX'.

MASTER: It worked beautifully, I assume ?

DR WHO: (SOURLY) A rousing success.

MASTER: As yet, of course, it can only concentrate its power on one subject. The presence of another person in the immediate area dissipates its influence.

DR WHO: Give it time.

*The repetitious personal pronoun here is intentional.

MASTER: Would you like to go through all that again ?

DR WHO: Not particularly.

MASTER: I estimate that you would last approximately sixty seconds. No more.

DR WHO: (ICE) Get on with it, then!

MASTER: On the other hand - if you would consider cooperating...

DR WHO: With you ?

MASTER: As it happens, I need your help. You have just shown that you can survive a limited exposure to the 'box'...

DR WHO: Get to the point. You want me to help you control the thing.

MASTER: In a nutshell - yes.

DR WHO: Even if I had the remotest inclination to help you - which I haven't - I couldn't control it. Neither could anyone else.

MASTER: You are far too modest. (BEAT) If you thought the 'box' was going to destroy this wretched planet - and I hasten to add, it probably will - you'd find a way to harness it. You always did have this strange, sentimental sympathy for the Earthlings. Ever since you became their self styled Protector - you seemed to have dedicated yourself to the job of saving them from their own self destruction.

DR WHO: They didn't unleash that 'box' on themselves.

MASTER: True. But they are going to have to suffer it, aren't they ? I'm not shackled by the same, ridiculous feelings for them that you have. I want them to suffer - but I don't want to be here when this dull little planet goes up in smoke.

DR WHO: Like me, you're a prisoner on Earth.

MASTER: A temporary inconvenience.

DR WHO: You know my answer. I won't help you in any way whatsoever.

MASTER: Don't be hasty. Think it over.

THE MASTER TAKES A KNIFE AND A PISTOL FROM HIS POCKET. KEEPING THE DOCTOR COVERED, HE CUTS THROUGH THE BONDS.

MASTER: Perhaps in the comfort of the
Condemned Cell here. That would lend emphasis
to the decision you've got to make.

DR WHO: (SHRUGS) It's already made.

MASTER: Consider the consequences. I
have other plans. I can't concentrate on them if
I have to keep one half of my attention on the 'box'

DR WHO: (EVENLY) You'd need to give
all your attention to it, believe me. And even
that wouldn't be enough.

MASTER: Come on.

THE DOCTOR RISES UNSTEADILY TO HIS
FEET AS THE MASTER MOTIONS HIM TOWARD
THE DOOR. WITH A LAST LOOK AT THE 'BOX'
THE DOCTOR EXITS, FOLLOWED BY THE
MASTER.

WE HOLD ON THE 'BOX' IN THE EMPTY ROOM
THE THROBBING INTENSIFIES. BUT THIS
TIME THE TONE AND PULSE IS DIFFERENT.
THE THING IS DISCOVERING A NEW FORM OF
ENERGY. AS WE WATCH IT BEGINS TO
DEMATERIALISE - REAPPEARING, MOMENTS
LATER, IN A NEW POSITION - CLOSER TO
THE DOOR. FROM HERE ONWARDS, THIS IS
THE WAY THE 'BOX' WILL MOVE ITSELF -
ONLY A FEW FEET AT A TIME.

CUT TO:

2. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

VOSPER AND MAILER, BOTH ARMED, ARE
STANDING NEAR THE DOOR TO THE CONDEMNED
CELL.

VOSPER: (DOUBTLY) I don't know why
we're hanging about. We've got the Screws locked
away - why don't we all scarper? I think...

MAILER: Just shut up, Vosper. Leave the
thinking to me.

VOSPER: I just hope you know what you're
doing, that's all.

MAILER: (SNAPLS) Look, if it wasn't
for me you'd still be rotting it out in a cell,
wouldn't you?

VOSPER: Yeah, but...

MAILER: But nothing. Just do as you're
told, that's all!

VOSPER: (SHRUGS) Okay, Harry. Okay.

THE DOCTOR COMES IN, LOOKING WEAK AND BADLY SHAKEN, COVERED BY THE MASTER.

MASTER: Who's in the Condemned Cell now Mailer?

MAILER: Only the girl. We transfered the Governor and the others down the corridor.

MASTER: Good. We have another tenant. The Doctor here needs time to do some thinking.

BUT THE DOCTOR HAS CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE ELECTRONIC GADGET THE MASTER USED EARLIER(SC 29, EP 3) TO RENDER THE TELEPHONES TEMPORARILY USELESS. IT STANDS NOW ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE WALL PHONE - UNCONNECTED. REGISTER IT AND THEN SHOW THE DOCTOR'S REACTION HE TURNS TO THE MASTER ANGRILY.

DR WHO: I've already told you, I'm not going to...

MAILER MOVES SMARTLY TO HIM - AND CLUBS HIM VICIOUSLY.

MAILER: (SNAPS) Get in there!

THE BLOW CAUSES THE DOCTOR TO STAGGER AND FALL. IN DOING SO HE MANAGES TO DROP ONTO THE ELECTRONIC GADGET. HE SCOOPS IT UP AND HIDES IT IN HIS POCKET, UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS.

VOSPER: What's the matter with him?

MASTER: He's had a rather unpleasant experience. (CHUCKLES) I think it's rather drained him of strength.

MAILER DRAGS THE DOCTOR TO HIS FEET, WHILST VOSPER UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO THE CONDEMNED CELL. IN THE B.G. WE CAN SEE JO IN THERE.

CUT TO:

3. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THEN MAILER PUSHES THE DOCTOR ROUGHLY INTO THE CELL. HE CRASHES ONTO THE NEAREST BUNK. JO RUSHES TO HIM.

JO: Doctor...

MAILER: Leave him be!

DR WHO: (WEAKLY) Hallo, Jo.

JO: Are you alright ?

DR WHO: (SHRUGS) That's debateable.

THE MASTER COMES INTO THE DOORWAY OF THE CELL. HE SMILES DOWN ON THE DOCTOR.

MASTER: He may - or may not recover.

JO: What have you done to him ?

MASTER: I'll leave him to tell you all about it.

THE MASTER TURNS TO GO.

DR WHO: Wait.

MASTER: Well ?

DR WHO: The 'box'...

MASTER: What about it ?

DR WHO: It's more powerful than - even you. Beside it - you are nothing. Give it time and it will control you!

MASTER: (VEHEMENTLY) Never!

THE MASTER EXITS AND SLAMS THE CELL DOOR BEHIND HIM. WE HEAR IT BEING LOCKED.

JO IS ABOUT TO SPEAK, BUT THE DOCTOR PUTS A FINGER TO HIS LIPS. ABRUPTLY HE DROPS HIS 'WEAKENED' GUISE, SLIPS QUICKLY OFF THE BUNK AND GOES TO THE CELL DOOR. HE PUTS HIS EAR AGAINST IT.

CUT TO:

4. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER IS SCOWLING ANGRILY, HIS VANITY BRUISED BY THE DOCTOR'S LAST INSINUATION. VOSPER COMES AWAY AFTER LOCKING THE DOOR AGAIN.

MASTER: (TO VOSPER) You'll stay here and stand guard.

VOSPER LOOKS OVER TO MAILER. THE LATTER NODS.

MAILER: Look, Professor, I want to talk to you about...

MASTER: Yes, and I want to talk to you, Mailer. It is time we put the next part of the plan into operation.

MAILER: Okay, I'm all ears...

MASTER: Not now. I'll see you in the Governor's office in ten minutes' time. (BEAT)
There's something I must check first.

CUT TO:

5. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR, WITH HIS EAR STILL JAMMED UP AGAINST THE DOOR, SMILES SLOWLY.

CUT BACK TO:

6. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE MASTER HURRIES AWAY IN THE DIRECTION HE CAME. MAILER TURNS TO VOSPER.

MAILER: (INDICATING THE CELL) Watch em!

VOSPER NODS. MAILER GOES OFF IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

CUT TO:

7. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

NOW THE 'BOX' IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM, FUMING STEADILY.

THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY. THE THING SPLUTTERS MOMENTARILY. THE MASTER COMES IN. AT FIRST THE FACT THAT THE 'BOX' IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM DOESN'T REGISTER. BY THE TIME IT DOES HE'S ONLY TWO OR THREE FEET AWAY FROM IT. HE STARES AT ITS NEW POSITION INCREDULOUSLY. THE THING BEGINS TO SPARK AND BUILD UP ITS ENERGY SWIFTLY. THE MASTER BEGINS TO BACK AWAY.

MASTER: (SPEAKING TO THE 'BOX')
You can't harm me! Nightmares are my business!

SUDDENLY THE 'BOX' BEGINS TO WAVER AND DISTORT. THE MASTER GASPS. BEHIND THE 'BOX' A HUGE, WAVERING IMAGE IS BEGINNING TO FORM. THE MASTER'S EYES WIDEN WITH HORROR.

AND NOW THE MASTER'S OWN PARTICULAR NIGHTMARE IS BEING MANIFESTED BY THE 'BOX'. THE WHOLE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH A HUGE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE SMILING DOCTOR. THE IMAGE REACHES FORWARD A GIGANTIC HAND TOWARDS THE MASTER.

FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, HE IS NOT TOO FAR FROM THE DOOR. HE FIGHTS THE ENERGY FORCE OF THE 'BOX' - AND MANAGES TO BACK UP TOWARDS THE DOOR. THE DOCTOR'S HAND KEEPS REACHING OUT FOR HIM. THE MASTER GETS TO THE DOORWAY. HE STANDS THERE HOLDING ONTO IT FOR GRIM DEATH.

MASTER: (FEARFULLY) Keep away!
You can't harm me!

THE DOCTOR'S ENORMOUS IMAGE LAUGHS LOUDLY AT THIS. THE MASTER DRAGS HIMSELF AWAY - AND FLEES FOR HIS LIFE.

AS SOON AS HE'S GONE THE IMAGE DEMATERIALISES. ONLY THE FUMING, SPARKING 'BOX' IS LEFT.

CUT TO:

3. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

VOSPER LOUNGES AGAINST THE WALL NEAR THE CELL DOOR, CRADLING HIS SUBMACHINE GUN IN HIS ARMS.

CUT TO:

9. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

JO IS TALKING - THE DOCTOR LISTENS CAREFULLY, BUT IS FUMBLING IN HIS POCKET FOR THE ELECTRONIC GADGET HE RESCUED FROM THE CORRIDOR.

JO: ...It all happened so quickly. One moment everything seemed to be running normally - and the next...

DR WHO: The prisoners were in control.

BY NOW HE HAS THE GADGET OUT OF HIS POCKET. HE EXAMINES IT CAREFULLY.

JO: Yes. (BEAT) What's that?

DR WHO: Just a little something I picked up. Looked vaguely familiar. Thought it might come in useful.

JO: For what?

DR WHO: Have you got a hairpin?

JO: Are you joking?

DR WHO: (GRUNTS) That's the trouble with modern girls...

JO: Wait.

SHE TURNS AWAY AND DIGS AT SOMETHING IN HER WAIST BAND (OR SHOULDER). THEN SHE HOLDS UP A SAFETY PIN.

JO: Safety pin any use ?

DR WHO: Ah, I'm pleased to see that elastic is still as unreliable as always. That'll do splendidly.

THE DOCTOR TAKES IT AND STARTS FIDDLIN WITH THE GADGET.

DR WHO: Trouble is - we're working again time.

JO: What can we do, locked in here ? And there's a guard outside.

BUT THE DOCTOR IS ENGROSSED WITH THE GADGET.

DR WHO: Ah, yes, I thought so. A Sonic Tone Device. Quite sophisticated, too. Might just be able to adapt it.

JO: To what ?

DR WHO: To getting us out of here.

CUT TO:

10. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.
MAILER IS WAITING IMPATIENTLY. HE KEEPS LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW ANXIOUSLY.

THE MASTER COMES IN. AT FIRST THERE'S A WILD, NERVOUS LOOK ABOUT HIM. BUT AS SOON AS HE SEES MAILER HE CONTROLS IT AND HIDES HIS FEAR FROM THE CONVICT.

MAILER: Look, what're we hanging about for ? We've done what we set out to do - let's scarper whilst the going is good...

MASTER: How far do you think you'd get out there, Mailer ?

MAILER: Far enough.

MASTER: They would have you back in here inside twenty four hours, you fool!

MAILER: (THREATENINGLY) Nobody call me a fool...

THE MASTER NARROWS HIS EYES DANGEROUSLY - AND STARES STRAIGHT AT MAILER.

MASTER: I do! Because that's what you are. If you weren't - you wouldn't be here in the first place!

MAILER: Just bad luck...

MASTER: I make my own luck. I'm offering you a chance to do the same.

MAILER: Eh ?

MASTER: How would you like a free pardon Mailer ?

MAILER: Huh, who'd pardon me ?

MASTER: The authorities - if they had to.

MAILER: What do you mean ?

MASTER: Some miles from here there's a truck driving along a lonely country road.

MIX QUICKLY TO:

TK 1. Country Lane. Day.

The NRM convoy is crawling slowly along the road. SERGEANT BENTON is at the wheel of the truck, with MIKE still beside him. Their faces are drawn and weary with the tension. They wince every time the truck goes over a bump. The UNIT MOTORCYCLISTS and the jeep keep a respectful distance.

Over this we hear the MASTER'S VOICE:

MASTER: (V.O.) There's a very small military escort with it. Just a very few UNIT soldiers. (BEAT) That truck is carrying a new type of Nuclear Rocket. A devastating weapon, my dear Mailer.

Mix to:

11. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

RESUME SC 10.

MASTER: Supposing someone were to steal that Rocket ? Supposing someone were to threaten to fire it onto a large town ?

MAILER: You're mad!

THE MASTER FLASHES HIM AN ANGRY LOOK BUT IT QUICKLY SUBSIDES AS HE GOES ON.

MASTER: They could hold the whole country to ransom. They could get just about anything they wanted.

MAILER: (AGHAST) Yeah ?

MASTER: Even their freedom. Even a free pardon, a fistful of money, a passport and an airline ticket to some far off place.

MAILER: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) You bet they could!

MASTER: (SLOWLY) It's only a very small escort, Mailer.

CUT TO:

12. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

VOSPER STILL LOUNGING AGAINST THE WALL NEAR THE CONDEMNED CELL DOOR.

CUT TO:

13. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR IS STILL WORKING OVER THE ELECTRONIC GADGET, DITCHING VARIOUS BITS, MODIFYING MICRO-CIRCUITS, ETC.

DR WHO: Yes, this thing was used to give out a penetrating tone - ideal for disrupting communications.

JO: They must've connected it up to the telephones at one stage. There was this terrible, high pitched noise...

DR WHO: M'mmm, Sonic Tone. If I can adjust this so that it emits another tone of even higher frequency...

JO: It would kill!

DR WHO: Not if it was used carefully. But it might make a useful key.
(GRUNTS) Unfortunately, time is the enemy. I just hope that Mike Yates has his wits about him.

JO: Is he in danger ?

DR WHO: Grave and immediate danger, I'm afraid. But he does have a radio, I imagine.

CUT TO:

TK 2. Country Lane. Day.

C.U. on MIKE in the driving cabin of the truck. Come in close on his small, pocket transceiver set in his blouse pocket. But MIKE is concentrating too hard on the convoy's painfully slow progress to use it.

14. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. SAME TIME.

ON THE BRIGADIER'S DESK IS A COPY OF A NEWSPAPER. WE CAN READ THE HEADLINES: QUITE CLEARLY: 'SUMMIT PEACE CONFERENCE GETS OFF TO A GOOD START. ALL DELEGATES HAVE HIGH HOPES FOR AN EARLY SUCCESS'.

WE MOVE FROM THE NEWSPAPER TO THE DESK AS THE BRIGADIER ENTERS. HE GOES STRAIGHT TO A COMMUNICATIONS CLERK.

BRIGADIER: What's the news on the NRM convoy?

UNIT CLERK: Nothing, sir.

BRIGADIER: What do you mean - nothing?

UNIT CLERK: There's been no progress report from Captain Yates for over an hour.

BRIGADIER: Has he given us an ETA yet?

UNIT CLERK: No, sir. (BEAT) But the last time we spoke to him - he did say he had his hands full just keeping the convoy moving. They're scared of the vibrations activating the Rocket, sir.

BRIGADIER: That's no excuse for not making scheduled reports. (SHRUGS) Still, it is a tricky assignment. Keep a listening watch - and call him up in sixty minutes if there's still no word.

UNIT CLERK: Yes, sir.

THE BRIGADIER GOES TO HIS DESK AND PICKS UP THE PAPER. HIS FACE LIGHTENS AS HE READS THE HEADLINES.

CUT TO:

TK 3. Prison Courtyard. Day.

A motley array of PRISONERS are lined up near a Prison 'Black Maria'. Most of them have discarded their prison jackets - but still wear issue denim trousers and rough denim shirts. They carry a variety of weapons taken from the Warders - many of them have riot guns.

MAILER has been briefing them. THE MASTER watches in the b.g. A satisfied expression on his face. He turns away as MAILER orders the men into the 'Black Maria'. MAILER clambers up beside the driver - and the vehicle moves out.

15. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER, STANGMOOR PRISON. SAME TIME.

A PRISONER COMES AMBLING INTO THE CHAMBER, POSSIBLY LOOKING FOR BOOTY. COME IN SWIFTLY ON A C.U. OF HIS FACE. HIS MOUTH OPENS WIDE IN HORROR AND A SCREAM OF TERROR TEARS ITSELF FROM HIS LIPS.

CUT TO:

16. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

VOSPER IS LOOKING THROUGH THE CELL DOOR PEEPHOLE. SATISFIED THAT EVERYTHING IN THERE IS OKAY, HE TURNS AWAY.

CUT TO:

17. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR SITS HUNCHED UP ON THE BUNK, WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR. JO IS WATCHING THE PEEPHOLE.

JO: Alright, he's gone.

THE DOCTOR CONTINUES WORKING ON THE ELECTRONIC GADGET.

CUT TO:

18. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

VOSPER HAS RESUMED HIS LOUNGING POSITION AGAINST THE WALL NEAR THE CELL DOOR. HE'S GETTING BORED AND WAERY. HE YAWNS.

THE MASTER COMES IN, WALKING BRISKLY ALONG THE CORRIDOR, HIS MIND ENGRGSSE IN SOME PROBLEM. VOSPER MOVES UP TO HIM.

VOSPER: Here, Professor, when am I going to be relieved, eh? I'm getting fed up with this job - and I'm starvin' hungry. What about getting someone to spell me, eh?

BUT THE MASTER IGNORES HIM COMPLETELY AND EXITS PAST THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR. VOSPER RETURNS GRUMPILY TO HIS POST.

VOSPER: (TO HIMSELF) Always the same. Always me that gets the lousy jobs - no matter what.

CUT TO:

19. INT. PROCESS CHAMBER. SAME TIME.

VERY, VERY SLOWLY THE MASTER OPENS THE DOOR AND COMES CAUTIOUSLY INSIDE, READY TO BEAT A HASTY RETREAT IF HE HAS ANY TROUBLE WITH THE 'BOX'. BUT THERE IS NO MOVEMENT OR SOUND IN THE ROOM. HE COMES FARTHER IN. TO HIS ASTONISHMENT HE FINDS THAT THE 'BOX' HAS DISAPPEARED:

AND THEN HIS ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE WALL NEARBY. ON IT THERE IS A BURN-FLASH MARK, OUTLINING THE FIGURE OF A MAN, ARMS OUTSTRETCHED. AND ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF IT, CRUMPLED INTO A GROTESQUE, CONTORTED SHAPE, IS THE PRISONER WHO CAME INTO THE ROOM IN SC 15. HIS FACE IS TWISTED INTO A TERRIBLE GRIMACE - AND HIS HAIR IS SNOW-WHITE.

THE MASTER BACKS SLOWLY OUT OF THE ROOM, HIS EYES DARTING TO LEFT AND RIGHT, SEARCHING FOR SOME SIGHT OF THE 'BOX'.

CUT TO:

TK 4. Country Lane. Day.

The convoy still moving slowly along.
(Perhaps L to R across the frame.)

Another Country Road. Day.

The 'Black Maria' moving along at a fast rate. (Opposite direction - R to L across frame.)

20. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. A LITTLE LATER

WITH A SATISFIED GRUNT, THE DOCTOR PLACES THE LID BACK ON THE ELECTRONIC GADGET.

DR WHO: Yes, that ought to do it.

JO: Do what, exactly ?

DR WHO: Just observe, young lady - But you'd better protect your ears. If this thing backfires - we're in trouble.

HE TAKES A FRILLY HANDKERCHIEF OUT OF HIS POCKET AND LOOKS AT IT REGRETFULLY

DR WHO: A personal gift from Madame Pompadour, as I recall. I hope she realises this is a necessity - wherever she is.

HE TEARS THE HANDKERCHIEF INTO LITTLE STRIPS AND HANDS HALF OF THEM TO JO.

DR WHO: Use them as ear plugs. And stand well back.

THEY BOTH PLUG THEIR EARS UP WITH THE STRIPS AND JO, INQUISITIVE AS EVER, STANDS AT THE DOCTOR'S SHOULDER.

DR WHO: I said - stand back. Or else you'll lose your ear drums!

SHE DOES AS SHE'S TOLD. THE DOCTOR PICKS UP THE GADGET, CHECKS TO MAKE SURE VOSPER ISN'T SPYING ON THEM - AND THEN PLACES IT AGAINST THE HEAVY LOCK OF THE DOOR. HE SHOVES ONE OF THE TERMINAL WIRES DEEP INTO THE KEYHOLE. AND THEN HE STARTS BANGING LOUDLY ON THE DOOR.

DR WHO: (SHOUTS) Hey, you out there! We want to see Dalbiac! Now. Do you hear me ?

HE MOTIONS TO JO TO SHOUT - BUT SHE CAN'T HEAR HIM FOR THE EAR PLUGS. SHE TAKES A STEP FORWARD. THE DOCTOR WAVES HER BACK FURIOUSLY.

CUT TO:

21. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

HEARING ALL THE NOISE, VOSPER MOVES TO THE PEEPHOLE.

VOSPER: (SHOUTS) Now what's all that din ?

HE HOLDS HIS GUN AT THE READY AS HE PUTS HIS EYE TO THE PEEPHOLE.

CUT TO:

22. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

AS SOON AS THE DOCTOR SEES THE COVER OF THE PEEP HOLE MOVE, HE SWITCHES ON THE GADGET. IMMEDIATELY THERE IS A TERRIBLE, PIERCING ULTRA HIGH FREQUENCY TONE. JO REELS BACK FROM THE AWFUL NOISE. THE DOCTOR GRITS HIS TEETH AS THE TONE TEARS AT HIS EARS.

COME IN CLOSE ON THE LOCK. THERE IS A SOUND OF METAL BREAKING. THE LOCK BEGINS TO DISINTEGRATE.

CUT TO:

23. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

VOSPER, WITHOUT ANY PROTECTION FOR HIS EARS, STAGGERS BACK SCREAMING AS THE TONE ENVELOPS HIM. HE DROPS HIS GUN AS HE CLUTCHES AT HIS EARS. THE FORCE OF THE NOISE THROWS HIM BACK AGAINST THE WALL. HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR, DESPERATELY TRYING TO BURY HIS HEAD IN HIS ARMS.

CUT TO:

24. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

THE LOCK SHATTERS - AND THE CELL DOOR SWINGS OPEN. THE DOCTOR SWITCHES OFF THE GADGET. SUDDEN SILENCE. THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TAKES THE PLUGS FROM IT. HE LOOKS OVER TO JO. SHE HAS A DAZED EXPRESSION ON HER FACE. THE DOCTOR BECKONS HER FORWARD. SHE FOLLOWS HIM OUT OF THE CELL.

CUT TO:

25. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

AS JO AND THE DOCTOR COME OUT. THE DOCTOR REGARDS THE SLUMPED, SEMI CONSCIOUS FIGURE OF VOSPER WITH DISTASTE.

DR WHO: You'd better do something about his gun.

BUT JO LOOKS AT THE DOCTOR UNCOMPREHENDINGLY.

DR WHO: I said, you'd better...

HE POINTS TO HIS EARS - AND SHOWS JO THE PLUGS. SHE NODS AND TAKES THEM FROM HER OWN EARS. SHE SMILES WEAKLY.

DR WHO: His gun - you'd better do something about it.

SHE PICKS UP VOSPER'S SUBMACHINE GUN.

DR WHO: Do you know how to handle that thing?

JO: I am a fully trained UNIT Officer you know:

DR WHO: (GRUNTS) Oh, yes. Of course. But be careful, they make me nervous.

JO: Where do we go from here?

DR WHO: Good question. Perhaps we'd better check the lie of the land. I've got to find out just how far he's got with his plan.

THEY MOVE OFF SWIFTLY.

CUT TO:

TK 5. Country Road. Day.

The 'Black Maria' comes into view. Then abruptly it turns off the road - and into some trees nearby. It stops. MAILER jumps out and runs round to the back. He opens up the doors and the PRISONERS get out. As they do MAILER disperses them into the undergrowth, preparatory to forming an ambush.

26. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

VOSPER IS LYING WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL. AN UTTERLY DAZED EXPRESSIO ON HIS FACE.

THE MASTER COMES IN, LOOKING WORRIED AND APPREHENSIVE BUT THIS CHANGES TO SUDDEN ANGER AS HE TAKES IN THE SCENE

MASTER: What the devil...!

HE RUSHES OVER TO THE OPEN CELL DOOR. SEES THE DISINTEGRATED LOCK. THEN HE BENDS DOWN AND PICKS UP THE GADGET. HE LOOKS OVER TO THE WALL TELEPHONE AND THEN BACK TO THE SHATTERED LOCK. HE STORMS OVER TO VOSPER.

MASTER: You let them get away, you imbecile!

HE DRAGS VOSPER ROUGHLY TO HIS FEET. VOSPER JUST LOOKS AT HIM STUPIDLY.

VOSPER: I didn't 'let' them do anything!

MASTER: They're to be found! Comb the whole prison for them - every available man.

VOSPER: Well, they can't get out anyway. What do we do with them when we've got them?

MASTER: Shoot them down! Shoot them on sight!

VOSPER: The girl as well?

MASTER: Both of them.

VOSPER: But they're valuable hostages...

MASTER: They've outlived their usefulness! They constitute a threat to us now. In any case, we still hold the Governor and the rest of the staff. (BEAT) And we won't need even them for much longer.

CUT TO:

TK 6. Country Road. Day.

This is the same location as TK 5. From the Camera's P.O.V. the road seems deserted and there is no sign of the waiting PRISONERS.

Then the Convoy comes slowly into view, crawling towards the spot where the 'Black Maria' drew off the road.

Suddenly MAILER appears and walks to the centre of the road. He stands there and holds up his hand to halt the Convoy. The truck comes to a halt. One of the UNIT MOTORCYCLISTS roars up to him to investigate. But before he can get to him there is a sudden burst of submachine gun fire from a ditch close by. The MOTORCYCLIST swerves as the bullets hit him - and he crashes.

MAILER quickly ducks and belts off to the side of the road. One of the PRISONERS chucks him a riot gun.

IMMEDIATELY the UNIT SOLDIERS jump down from their Jeep - but they, and the surviving MOTORCYCLIST are held in a withering crossfire from the hidden PRISONERS on either side of the road. A deadly, vicious battle ensues.

In the driving cabin of the truck MIKE yells to SERGEANT BENTON:

MIKE:

Ambush! Drive through it!

But the SERGEANT slumps over the wheel, a vivid scar of blood across his temple. MIKE wrenches open the cabin door, pulls his revolver and joins his men.

The UNIT SOLDIERS return the fire as best they can - but the crossfire is deadly. One by one they are being mown down by the hidden PRISONERS.

Suddenly, MIKE spins round as a bullet plucks at his chest. But, fortunately it has struck his pocket transceiver. He takes it out and tries to use it, but the radio is useless. He shoves it angrily back in his pocket.

By now most of the UNIT SOLDIERS are dead, slumped about the bullet riddled Jeep they were using as the only cover.

The PRISONERS rise from their cover and advance, firing as they come. MIKE and another SOLDIER dash for the nearest ditch. They keep on firing until the SOLDIER is hit. Only MIKE remains now. He scrambles deeper into the ditch.

MAILER runs for the driving cabin of the truck. He hauls the inert body of SERGEANT BENTON from behind the wheel, gets in himself and guns the truck's engine into life. The 'Black Maria' swings out into the road from its hiding place - and collects the PRISONERS, including the few who are wounded.

With the 'Black Maria' leading the way, the hi-jacked truck carrying the NRM draws slowly away.

MIKE watches from his cover. Then he gets to his feet. In a crouching run he follows the truck. As he reaches it, he swings himself onto the back of it, unseen by any of the hi-jackers.

SERGEANT BENTON, lying in the centre of the road, raises his head painfully, as he regains consciousness. He looks round to the slowly receding truck - and sees MIKE hanging on to its tail for grim death. BENTON staggers to his feet, desperately trying to follow - but he's still too groggy to catch it up. The truck and the 'Black Maria' disappear around a bend in the road.

BENTON sways with weakness. He puts up a trembling hand to the wound on his temple. He looks around. Back along the road a little way there stands a solitary Public Phone box. Half running, half staggering, BENTON makes his way towards it.

27. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

THE PLACE IS EMPTY. THEN THE DOOR OPENS CAUTIOUSLY. JO AND THE DOCTOR PEEK IN. SATISFIED THAT THE OFFICE IS DESERTED, THEY COME IN. JO HOLDS HER CAPTURED SUBMACHINE GUN AT THE READY MUCH TO THE DOCTOR'S DISCOMFORT. SHE MOVES OVER TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT. THE DOCTOR GOES TO THE TELEPHON AND LIFTS IT UP.

CUT TO:

28. INT. UTILITY. PRISON SWITCHBOARD. SAME TIME.

A PRISONER IS LOUNGING AT THE SWITCHBOARD, READING SOME LURID 'GIRLIE' MAGAZINE. A LIGHT ON THE BOARD FLICKERS ON. HE PUTS ASIDE THE MAGAZINE AND PLUGS INTO IT.

CUT BACK TO:

29. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR FROWNS AS THE SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR ANSWERS. HE MIMICS EITHER MAILER OR THE MASTER'S VOICE.

DR WHO: (INTO PHONE) Just checking to make sure you're on the ball.

AND HE HASTILY REPLACES THE RECEIVER.

DR WHO: (TO JO) Obviously the prisoners are still manning the switchboard.

JO: (STILL LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW) And everything else. Not a hope of getting out, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR MOVES OVER TO HER. SHE TURNS AS HE APPROACHES. VERY DELICATELY HE TAKES THE SUBMACHINE GUN FROM HER.

DR WHO: If you don't mind, Jo.

HE PLACES IT ON A NEARBY CHAIR OR TABLE

JO: I suppose our best bet is to try and release the Governor and the Warders.

DR WHO: If we can. It's not going to be easy with a few hundred cut-throats after our blox. Any activity down there?

JO: (LOOKING BACK OUT OF THE WINDOW) No. They all seem to be just hanging around.

DR WHO: (THOUGHTFULLY) Waiting for something.

JO: The Rocket.

DR WHO: Yes.

JO: They'd never get it.

DR WHO: Why not? This prison is a maximum security establishment. Its inmates are all desperate men - and many of them probably have a vast experience of the one too gentle art of hi-jacking.

JO: But the convoy must have had an armed escort.

DR WHO: A ridiculously small one, I believe.

CUT TO:

30. INT. UTILITY. PHONE BOX. SAME TIME.

BENTON IS THROUGH TO THE BRIGADIER.

BENTON: (INTO PHONE) ...They took us completely by surprise, sir. We didn't stand a chance.

CUT TO:

31. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. SAME TIME.

THE BRIGADIER IS ON THE PHONE TO BENTON. BEHIND HIM THERE IS A BUSTLE OF ACTIVITY AS THE UNIT PERSONNEL PUT AN EMERGENCY ROUTINE INTO OPERATION. THE CLERK HE SPOKE TO EARLIER IS PINNING UP A LARGE SCALE MAP OF THE HI-JACK AREA ONTO THE WALL, NEARBY.

BRIGADIER: (INTO THE PHONE) ...Alright, Sergeant. Now give me the map coordinates. (BEAT) 181054.

THE CLERK FINDS THE POSITION AND PINPOINTS IT WITH A BLACK WAX-PENCIL CROSS

BRIGADIER: ...And you're speaking from a telephone box there. I'm despatching a UNIT 'copter for you immediately. Stay where you are.

THE CLERK PICKS UP A PHONE IN THE B.G. AND RELAYS THE MAP COORDINATES AND THE REQUEST FOR A 'COPTER.

BRIGADIER: (CONTINUES) ... Sergeant, can you tell me what happened to Captain Yates ?

CUT BACK TO:

32. INT. UTILITY. PHONE BOX. SAME TIME.

BENTON: ...Last I saw of him, sir - he was hanging onto the back of the truck. I don't think any of the hi-jackers saw him...

CUT BACK TO:

33. INT. UNIT H.Q. SAME TIME.

BRIGADIER STILL ON THE PHONE.

BRIGADIER: Good. Well, he's bound to get word to us through his radio. Stay put Sergeant. The 'copter's on its way to bring you back.

THE BRIGADIER SLAMS DOWN THE RECEIVER HE TURNS TO THE CLERK.

BRIGADIER: Alert every available UNIT Company. Have them converge on this area.

HE GOES TO THE MAP. THE CLERK HANDS HIM HIS WAX PENCIL.

BRIGADIER: I want this whole location search Every inch of it.

AND HE DRAWS A LARGE CIRCLE AROUND THE COORDINATE PINPOINTED CROSS.

UNIT CLERK: Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: If necessary, ask for the Army's cooperation - and the local Police Forces. I want that area turned inside out.

UNIT CLERK: Will you set up an Operational HQ there, sir ?

BRIGADIER: As soon as I've had a chance to speak to Sergeant Benton. Have my own helicopter standing by.

UNIT CLERK: Already warming up, sir.

BRIGADIER: In the meantime, get me the Minister of Defence on the Red Line.

THE CLERK TURNS TO DO HIS BIDDING. THE BRIGADIER'S FACE CLOUDS OVER.

BRIGADIER: (LOW) I just hope he had a good lunch!

WE MOVE IN TO A C.U. OF THE MAP, NOTING THE LARGE DRAWN CIRCLE OF THE AREA TO BE SEARCHED. THEN WE TILT UP TO THE FAR R. HAND CORNER, WELL OUTSIDE THE CIRCLE, AND COME IN EVEN CLOSER TO A B.C.U. ON A HUDDLE OF BUILDINGS DRAWN TO SCALE, MARKED: 'STANGMOOR H.M. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON'. FROM THIS MAP REFERENCE WE CAN SEE THAT THE PRISON, LIKE DARTMOOR, IS IN AN ISOLATE SPOT.

CUT TO:

FK 7. Another Country Road. Day.

The 'Black Maria', followed by the truck move slowly along the road - but making better progress than when BENTON was driving, as MAILER is unaware of the sensitivity of the NRM.

MIKE, wincing with every bump the vehicle goes over, hangs onto the back grimly.

34. INT. UTILITY. HOSPITAL ROOM, STANGMOOR PRISON. LATER.

329 BARNAM'S BED IS EMPTY AND THE ROOM DESERTED. BUT, AS WE WATCH, THE 'BOX' BEGINS TO MATERIALISE ON THE BED. IT FUMES QUIETLY, REBUILDING ITS ENERGY ALL THE TIME.

CUT TO:

35. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR HAS MOVED QUIETLY OVER TO THE DOOR. JO IS DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM. VERY SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY HE OPENS IT A FRACTION. WE HEAR THE TRAMP OF BOOTS AND SOME PRISONERS LAUGHING OUTSIDE. THE DOCTOR HASTILY CLOSES THE DOOR AGAIN. HE AND JO EXCHANGE GLANCE JO RETURNS TO THE WINDOW.

CUT TO:

TK 8. Prison Courtyard. Day.

Some PRISONERS are lounging about the courtyard area. THE MASTER comes into view. He stands aloof from the others - and keeps glancing anxiously at his watch.

Then there is a stir of activity amongst the waiting PRISONERS.

36. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

JO, AT THE WINDOW, BECKONS THE DOCTOR FROM THE DOOR. HE JOINS HER. TOGETHER THEY STARE DOWN AT THE COURTYARD BELOW.

CUT TO:

TK 9. Prison Courtyard. Day.

The 'Black Maria', followed by the NRM truck swings into the courtyard. The waiting PRISONERS cluster around the 'Black Maria' and the driving cabin of the truck. MAILER laughs and jokes with them.

Unseen by anyone, MIKE drops stealthily from the back of the truck. Revolver drawn he runs swiftly for the nearest doorway and disappears from view.

THE MASTER elbows the PRISONERS aside and makes straight for the NRM. He orders the canvas covering to be pulled aside. Some PRISONERS do his bidding.

As the canvas is drawn back we see the slim sinister shape of the Nuclear Rocket Missile revealed.

37. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

JO TURNS TO THE DOCTOR IN CONSTERNATION

JO: They got it!

DR WHO: Yes, I thought they might. But did you see someone drop off the back of the truck? Someone in UNIT uniform. It looked suspiciously like Mike Yates to me!

JO: Mike?

DR WHO: Yes, and one might suppose that if he's managed to get here - then other UNIT soldiers may not be too far behind.

CUT TO:

38. INT. UNIT H.Q. LONDON. LATER.

SERGEANT BENTON, EXHAUSTED AND WITH HIS HEAD BANDAGED, IS BEING QUESTIONED BY THE BRIGADIER. THE LATER HAS HIS COAT ON, PREPARATORY TO LEAVING.

BRIGADIER: ...And you didn't recognise the attackers at all, Sergeant ?

BENTON: No, sir. I got my skull creased by a bullet when they fired their first volley. I don't remember much after that.

BRIGADIER: Didn't you see any of them ?

BENTON: Yes, sir. The fellow that halted us - and a couple of others - vaguely.

BRIGADIER: What did they look like ?

BENTON: (WITH DIFFICULTY) I - I can't remember, sir.

BRIGADIER: Think man. It's very important. How were they dressed ?

BENTON: Well, they were mostly in sort'v - denims...

BRIGADIER: That doesn't help much. What about their weapons ? Army issue ? Foreign make ?

BENTON: No... There were old style submachine guns... Wait a minute. I remember one of them had a ~~sawn~~ off shot-gun... Yes, I heard its blast when it was fired. I think there were others, too.

BRIGADIER: Shotguns...

BENTON: Looked more like - police issue to me, sir.

BRIGADIER: Riot guns.

BENTON: Could be.

BRIGADIER: Sergeant, I'm just on my way to the hi-jack area - do you feel up to coming with me ?

BENTON: Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: Good man. (TO THE CLERK) I want a twenty four hour listening watch kept on all our radio wavelengths. If Captain Yates is still alive he'll try and get word to us somehow.

UNIT CLERK: Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER: Let me know the moment anything comes through. (TO BENTON) Come on, Sergeant.

THEY LEAVE.

CUT TO:

TK 10. Doorway, Prison Building. Day.

MIKE is hiding in a doorway, desperately trying to get his pocket transceiver to work. He shakes it, switches on and off.

MIKE: (INTO THE TRANSCEIVER)
Hullo, UNIT HQ. UNIT HQ. Are you receiving?
Over.

But the thing remains silent.

Two armed PRISONERS approach and MIKE has to duck down out of sight. They pass and he realises that he can't stay there any longer. He moves through the doorway and into the building. A painted notice on the wall says:
'Cell Block 'Q' '

39. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE. SAME TIME.

FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT AT THE WINDOW BOTH JO AND THE DOCTOR HAVE SEEN MIKE DISAPPEAR INTO THE BUILDING.

JO: It was Mike !

DR WHO: And he's gone into 'Q' Block.
We've got to make contact with him.

TOGETHER THEY GO TO THE DOOR. THE DOCTOR OPENS IT. ALL SEEMS QUIET OUTSIDE - FOR THE MOMENT. JO AND THE DOCTOR SLIP OUT.

AFTER THEY'VE GONE WE MOVE BACK TO THE CHAIR OR TABLE NEAR THE WINDOW - AND SEE THAT JO HAS LEFT THE SUBMACHINE GUN BEHIND.

CUT TO:

40. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. A LITTLE LATER

MIKE COMES INTO VIEW, MOVING CAUTIOUS CHECKING TO MAKE SURE THERE IS NO ONE ABOUT. HE HOLDS HIS REVOLVER AT THE READY.

THEN, AS HE PASSES THE CONDEMNED CELL HE HEARS THE STRANGE, ANGRY THROBBING NOISE.

BEHIND, AND, FOR THE MOMENT, UNSEEN BY HIM, THE 'BOX' BEGINS TO MATERIALISE

MIKE STOPS AND TURNS, PUZZLED. HE SEES THE 'BOX' - BUT, OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T KNOW THE THREAT IT REPRESENTS. HE WATCHES FASCINATED, AS THE THING BEGINS TO SPARK DANGEROUSLY. HE APPROACHES IT SLOWLY. THE THROBBING NOISE RISES TO A SUDDEN SHRIEK. MIKE BEGINS TO BACK AWAY. BUT THE 'BOX' IS EXERTING A MAGNETIC POWER, DRAWING HIM CLOSER. MIKE FIRES AT IT - BUT THE BULLETS RICCOCHET HARMLESSLY AWAY.

CUT TO:

TK 11. Prison Courtyard. Day.

The PRISONERS standing by near the truck, hear the distant gunshots. They begin running towards the sound.

41. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

MIKE IS STILL BATTLING AGAINST THE FORCE OF THE 'BOX'. (A WIND FAN BLOWING HIM TOWARDS IT WOULD GIVE THE DESIRED EFFECT.) BY NOW THE THING IS SENDING OUT TONGUES OF SPARKS, REACHING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE TRAPPED MAN.

AND THEN ONE OF HIS FLAYING ARMS IS SUDDENLY HELD BY A HAND. WIDEN THE SHOT TO SHOW THAT IT BELONGS TO S29 BARNAM, WHO HAS BEEN HIDING INSIDE THE OPEN CONDEMNED CELL. HE HOLDS ONTO MIKE, FORMING AN ANCHOR FOR HIM AGAINST THE TERRIBLE FORCE OF THE 'BOX'. BARNAM DRAGS HIM INTO THE CONDEMNED CELL.

CUT TO:

42. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

MIKE SINKS EXHAUSTED INTO THE BUNK. BARNAM SMILES DOWN ON HIM.

MIKE: (GASPING) Thanks, I'm...
What is that thing?

CUT TO:

43. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE 'BOX' SEEMINGLY FUMING IN ANGER.
DEMATERIALISES - AND THEN REMATERIALISES
CLOSER TO THE CELL DOOR.

CUT TO:

44. INT. CONDEMNED CELL. SAME TIME.

FROM THE CELL DOOR BARNAM WATCHES
IT QUIETLY.

MIKE: Listen, it's dangerous!

BARNAM NODS.

CUT TO:

45. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

FOR A MOMENT THE 'BOX' SEEMS TO CALM
DOWN, AS THOUGH THINKING - OR LISTENING
THEN IT DEMATERIALISES AGAIN - BUT
INSTEAD OF MOVING CLOSER TO THE CELL -
IT RE APPEARS BACK IN ITS FIRST POSITION
- IN THE CENTRE OF THE CORRIDOR.

AN ARMED PRISONER COMES CHARGING INTO
THE CORRIDOR. HE'S ALMOST ON TOP OF THE
'BOX' BEFORE HE SEES IT. THE THING
SHRIEKS AGAIN - AND VIVID SPARKS ISSUE
FROM IT AND FORM AN AURA ABOUT THE
HELPLESS PRISONER. HE SCREAMS WITH
ANGUISH. THE FORCE OF THE ENERGY FROM
THE 'BOX' SMASHES HIM BACK AGAINST THE
WALL. HIS BODY GOES RIGID - AND THEN
HE CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND.

COME IN CLOSE ON HIM - AND WE SEE THAT
HIS HAIR HAS TURNED COMPLETELY WHITE
ABOVE HIS CONTORTED FACE.

THE 'BOX' DEMATERIALISES AGAIN - AND THIS
TIME IT REAPPEARS FARTHER DOWN THE
CORRIDOR, MOVING AWAY FROM THE
CONDEMNED CELL.

BARNAM MOVES CAUTIOUSLY OUT, KEEPING
AN EYE ON THE 'BOX' AS IT MOVES FARTHER
AND FARTHER AWAY. HE BECKONS TO MIKE

BARNAM: It's alright now. It's going away

MIKE: What is it?

BARNAM: I - I can't remember...

MIKE STARES AT THE PRISONER'S CRUMPLI
BODY.

MIKE: It killed that man ?

BARNAM: Yes, it does that.

MIKE: But...

BARNAM: I think we ought to go away from
here.

MIKE: I'm looking for someone. A tall
man - in a black suit and frilly shirt...

BARNAM: Yes...

MIKE: Have you seen him ?

BARNAM: I can't remember.

MIKE: There was probably a girl with
him. Small, sort of elf-like face.

BARNAM: (SHRUGS) I'm sorry... I wish
I could help.

BARNAM LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION THE 'BOX
TOOK.

MIKE: Where are all the Warders ?

BARNAM: I don't know.

MIKE: Well then, who are you ?

BARNAM: (DESPERATELY TRYING TO
THINK) I can't seem to remember that, either.

HE TAKES MIKE'S HAND AND BEGINS TO
PULL HIM AWAY FROM THE SCENE.

BARNAM: I think we should get away from
here. Quickly. It might come back. It's
searching, you see.

MIKE: For what ?

BARNAM: It's hungry. Yes, that's it.
Hungry. Come on, we'll go to the hospital.
We'll be safe there - for a little while, anyway.

MIKE, WITH A LAST LOOK AT THE TWISTED
BODY OF THE PRISONER ON THE FLOOR,
FOLLOWS BARNAM OUT.

CUT TO:

TK 12. Country Road (Ex Ambush Location). Day.

The TK 5 and 6 area. (If the budget allows it, it would be nice to have the UNIT 'copter standing by in the B.G.)

The BRIGADIER stands looking at the scene, SERGEANT BENTON beside him. In the foreground some UNIT SOLDIERS are placing groundsheets over the SOLDIERS killed in the ambush. Others are checking over the road, looking for clues.

BRIGADIER: (LOW. ANGRY) Why?

BENTON: (QUIETLY) I don't know, sir.

BRIGADIER: Who on earth would want to steal a blasted Nuclear Rocket? Who?

BENTON looks down at something at his feet. He stoops and picks it up. It's a shotgun cartridge case. He hands it to the BRIGADIER.

BRIGADIER: Yes. Police issue - for a riot gun.

BENTON: (FROWNS) Who'd pinch guns and ammo from the cops?

BRIGADIER: The same maniac who'd take a Rocket from the Defence Department: It's impossible to know where to start! I mean, where would they take the wretched thing? Where would they hide it, Sergeant?

And the BRIGADIER marches angrily away. BENTON reaches a hand up to his wounded temple and touches it gingerly.

BENTON: (TO HIMSELF) They must have the cheek of the devil, that's all I can say.

He follows the BRIGADIER.

Prison Courtyard. Day.

The NRM truck is being driven slowly away from the courtyard, deeper into the Prison complex. THE MASTER watches the operation carefully.

46. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR. SAME TIME.

THE CORRIDOR IS EMPTY, SAVE FOR THE PRISONER'S BODY LYING ON THE FLOOR. THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE 'BOX' OR MIKE AND BARNAM.

JO AND THE DOCTOR COME IN. THE DOCTOR SPOTS THE BODY AND HURRIES OVER TO EXAMINE IT. JO SHUDDERS AT THE SIGHT OF IT.

JO: (HUSHED) What happened to him?

DR WHO: It looks as though he fell foul of the 'box'.

JO: Look at his hair. It's snow white.

DR WHO: Yes. And it was no nightmare that did that. This was a much more definite force. Something that attacked him - physically.

JO: But how can a box...

DR WHO: It's not the 'box' itself. It's what's inside it. The power of the thing is growing faster now. It's on the rampage - and it will be insatiable.

JO: It'll have to be found and destroyed.

DR WHO: That's easier said than done. How do you destroy a force of evil, Jo? Perhaps if we knew that this planet of yours would be a better place to live in. No. The thing was created out of evil - and it's been feeding on evil for months. By now I would say that it was irresistible. You see, the main trouble is that it is now thinking for itself. Thinking - and moving!

JO LOOKS UP ANXIOUSLY, HALF EXPECTING TO SEE THE 'BOX' APPEAR.

JO: Moving?

DR WHO: Yes. Of its own volition.

THE DOCTOR RISES.

DR WHO: Come on, we've got to find Mike.

THEY TURN TO LEAVE THE CORRIDOR. AND THEN FREEZE SUDDENLY.

FROM THEIR P.O.V. WE SEE THAT THEY ARE FACING MAILER AND VOSPER. BOTH MEN HAVE THEIR GUNS RAISED - AND POINTING DIRECTLY AT JO AND THE DOCTOR. THE RANGE IS ONLY A FEW FEET. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM TO MISS.

VOSPER: (EVENLY) 'Shoot on sight', the man said.

MAILER: (GRINS) Sorry about this, dolly. But there's a lot at stake - and you two have become real nuisances. Never mind, we'll make it sharp and quick, eh? Can't be fairer than that can we?

THEY COCK THEIR GUNS VERY DELIBERATELY AND TAKE CAREFUL AIM. THEIR FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGERS.

JO AND THE DOCTOR TENSE THEMSELVES
INSTINCTIVELY, WAITING FOR THE IMPACT
OF THE BULLETS...

FADE.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.

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